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MAGAZINE



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#89

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CREEPY

PDC
JUNE 1971



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CREEPLY

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Dear Uncle Creepy...

Like most issues, CREEPY #87 had its good and bad points.

"A Warped Tale" had some nice scripting, but the plots been done before and seemed a bit ridiculous. But given a little time *Al Seroles* may develop into a good Warren writer. Also I'm delighted that *Gray Morrow* is back.

Bill O'Bay did it again. In "Those 'Orrible Passions of '78" He offered a truly original plot and excellent scripting, and a nonsensical ending. It's unbelievable! The *Carmine Infantino/Dick Giordano* artwork was good. Keep them together!

"Four Classic Martians" was excellent, even if it was one shot.

Nick Culi is a great poet, as he proved in "A Martian Saga." It had a fantastic ending. Again we have the incredibly graphic *Berni Wrightman* artwork!

"The Last" by *Roger McKenzie* had fine characterization. He is quickly becoming one of the best writers in the comics field, and *John Sever* turned in one of his best jobs ever.

Was rather disappointed by *Bruce Jones'* "They Only Come Out at Night." It seemed too contrived.

As for "Wormonger of Mars," I don't really like that type of satire, but it was enjoyable nonetheless. *Ralph Reese* is an excellent artist and I'm glad to see *Wally Wood* back, writing or drawing.

BEN GROSS
Rockledge, Fla.

Genny Daley's letter in CREEPY #87 brings up a valid point - the Warren letters columns are dull. When *Bill Parente* was editor, the letters were really quite interesting at least, they didn't read like book reviews.

Who wants to read ten or fifteen reviews of the same book? Print more critical letters and put downs. There's fun to read!

Extending the letters column back to two pages might help too. It looks better that way anyway.

The letters don't have to be dull - so how about puffing a little extra work into them. Make an effort!

Less intellectualism and more wit is sorely needed!

VIRGINIA ARLINGTON
Arlington, Va.



We're with you, Virginia, all the way! Want more interesting letters, you guys? Then write 'em... your old Uncle Creepy'll make sure they see print. If there's anything he loves, it's caustic comment!

CREEPY #87, while not without its good stories, was less than memorable. Although I appreciate the varying degrees of ingenuity used in avoiding explaining and ignoring the hard facts we've learned about Mars, the issue was a nostalgic trip, with the kind of stories we can no longer take seriously.

While *Gray Morrow* did a beautiful art job on "A Warped Tale," it takes more than a bare-breasted heroine to make a story modern and this one conformed to many pulp clichés, it would have seemed hackneyed in 1937! Or did *Al Seroles* intend us to take it seriously?

Although I usually don't care for comic script, *Nick Culi's* "A Martian Saga" was free enough of pretensions to be enjoyable.

"Passions of '78" by *Bill O'Bay* had a good idea, but suffered from diarrhea of the typewriter. The story was told so completely in words that *Carmine Infantino* and *Dick Giordano* had little left to add.

As for the *Roger McKenzie/John Sever* story, "The Last," it represented a tradition as obsolete today as the one epitomized in "A Warped Tale." But it was, in its own time, a stronger tradition, and here it was ably recreated.

"They Only Come Out at Night" was the best story in the issue. *Bruce Jones'* script, while not completely original, was masterfully crafted.

BRIAN CADEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

In regards to the Planet Mars issue of CREEPY. In the introduction, you wrote "Goodbye to the Martians of fantasy for soon the Red Planet will be settled by man."

Well, keep your writers and artists dreaming because Mars never any other planet will be settled in our lifetime due to the public's lack of interest, and lack of funds in the Space Program.

After reading CREEPY #87, I say keep those Martian tales coming! Who knows? Maybe the public will change its mind again.

I'll let other fans comment on the contents of the issue and limit mine to my favorite story, "Wormonger of Mars." It really improved my day and if you live in Detroit you know how boring the days can be. The team of *Wally Wood* and *Ralph Reese* seemed to combine a little from all the books and movies ever done about Mars. I loved it.

EDWARD WOJCIK
Detroit, Mich.

If *Lawrence Welk* read CREEPY #87 he would have said, "Wonderful, wonderful, for inside your Mars issue was! Give *Jim Warren* a Pulitzer for allowing *Nick Culi* to edit this masterpiece. I've little doubt it was his magic blue pencil that made this issue what it was!"

Not only was the art great but so were most of the stories!

Thank God there was only one *Bill O'Bay* tale this issue. I don't like "Passions of '78" at all. It was another scapbook non-story with boring metaphysical implications and as usual, it just didn't work.

"A Warped Tale" was good, even *SP Al Seroles* knows how to tell a story, something *Budd Lewis* or *Gerry Boudreau* could never get the hang of. It reminded me not so much of a brief EC tale as an intelligent Analog feature. And *Gray Morrow's* art was terrific!

"The Last" was another simple, tasteful, though not very ingenious, SF tale. *Roger McKenzie* certainly had his western dial back right. I'm glad to see he's moving away from the kind of pretentiousness that had scarred Warren magazines for so long.

Culi's poem "A Martian Saga" was another high-point of the issue. *Nick's* smooth rhyming narrative, watched *Berni Wrightman's* flowing artwork perfectly.

Bruce Jones is apparently still entrenched in the EC shock ending style of writing. "They Only Come Out at Night" was only marginally satisfying piece. As usual for his stories, it seemed preoccupied with sex. It was good but nothing special.

Warren has printed a few supposedly humorous tales but "Wormonger of Mars" was the first to really make me laugh. Congratulations to all involved in getting back the magnificent talent of *Ralph Reese*.

GENNY DALEY
Chicago, Ill.

This is my first letter to your magazine and let me first say "Thanks for the entertainment." CREEPY is the finest mag on the market. However, I'd like to offer some constructive criticism.

Recently, there's been a tendency toward too much gore. Let the reader use his imagination!

On the plus side, the scripts are almost always exciting and non-overdone and I appreciate the concept of following a particular theme throughout an entire magazine, e.g. all monster, all sports, all Mars... or when the writers improvise on a particular scene portrayed on a cover. *Kydos* and *plaudits* to your entire staff!

BOB WEDGE
Sacramento, Calif.

This past weekend I was writing endlessly, everything had seemed to come applying and I found myself reduced to the state where all I could tolerate was pictures.

I flipped through a number of comics that added to my aggravation with their disregard for layout and lack of innovative writing. (Satisfying the least common denominator with plots whose strength lies in the super hero punching out the villain for the sake of punching out the villain.) I hope to lower the LCD level and insure resistance to quality.

I was, therefore, proud to hold CREEPY #87 in my hand and I take equal pride in being called one of those raving readers who find deep meaning in Warren's stories. To my mind, an astounding literary pulse runs through the body of those same stories. Warren's devotion to the exploration of hero and anti-hero themes excels those of any publisher today.

Comics are no comparison as they spew off-hand truths, while Warren stories aim for the basic hard-core truths that result in their credibility and relevance.

Reading Warren publications demands involvement, in evaluating personal likes and actual quality of the stories. The reader's good sense, sharpness of faculties and breeding intelligence, not the words of phony intellectualism.

I reserve the right to rave, *Carmine Infantino* forever!

The introduction to the special Mars issue struck a deep nerve. It is hearteningly sad to lose a world in such a manner, not by death, but disbelief. A pos, or least *Kurt Vonnegut's* chronoclastic mindbuck on space progress.

It was exciting to identify how the stories reflected the various interpretations of Mars. SF adventure in "A Warped Tale." EC Graphic style in "A Martian Saga." New Wave in "Those 'Orrible Passions." And just knowing that *Red Serling* could have worked up as "The Last" concluded made my meander queer.

Bruce Jones' writing is well versed, but at its worst produces "They Only Come Out at Night," a spaghetti-specter whose purpose is to disorient the reader in preparation for the shock ending. The shock being the excuse for both story and ending. Which is not to say I didn't enjoy every panel of it!

BOB ALLEN
Laredo, Tex.

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
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BLOOD BROTHERS

I WAS OUT OF CAMP WHEN THE SMELL HIT.

IT HAD BEEN THE MOST INCREDIBLY SILENT EVENING... ONLY A MURMUR OF ENEMY RIFLE, TAC-TACING ALMOST SODDINGLY IN THE DISTANCE, CARRIED BY A SOFT, BALMY BREEZE OVER THE TREETOPS WHOO WHISPERED STROBOSCOPICALLY AGAINST AN OCCASIONAL FLASH FROM THE WEST.

IT WAS ALMOST PEACEFUL, ALMOST RELAXING. I WAS TRUDGING BACK THROUGH THE MOORS FROM THE LATRINE, THINKING HOW... ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS... YOU COULD CLOSE YOUR EYES AND PRETEND YOU WERE IN GROVER, OHIO...

...THAT THE GROUND BENEATH YOUR FEET WAS YOUR FATHER'S FARM AND THAT YOU WERE HEADING HOME AFTER THE CHORES, ALREADY ANTICIPATING YOUR SECOND SLICE OF MOM'S SWEET APPLE PIE...

WHEN THE ROARING LEFT MY EARS AND MY BRAIN CEASED CHANGING IN MY SKULL, I DISCOVERED I WAS BLIND. THICK, VISIBLE SHADY FORMS MATERIALIZED AND I REALIZED IT WAS ONLY TEMPORARY REACTION TO THE FLASH.



I PICKED MYSELF UP AND STUMBLED INTO CAMP.

WHAM!

...THAT THE FLASHES IN THE SKY HERALDED AN APPROACHING SUMMER SHOWER... THAT THE GENTLE TAC-TACING WAS THE WEATHER WARE ROTATING LETHARGICALLY ON ITS RUSTED TURRET... THAT THERE NEVER WAS A WAR AND THAT GERMANY WAS JUST A RAGE IN THE BRITANNICA.

I'D ALMOST CONVINCED MYSELF OF THESE THINGS WHEN THE NIGHT EXPLODED IN FRONT OF ME...

THE STILLNESS WHICH ORIENTED ME WAS NOT THAT OF SOLDIERS SLEEPING ON MINT ON A GAME OF POKER.

IT WAS THE STILLNESS OF THE DEAD, THE HAD OF ABSOLUTE SILENT THAT GOES RIGHT TO THE HIT OF YOUR STOMACH, LYING HEAVY THERE IN A TIGHT BALL OF FEAR...



THEY WERE DEAD... ALL OF THEM. I KNEW IT EVEN BEFORE I OPENED MY TREMBLING MOUTH AND CROAKED OUT THEIR NAMES.



SARGE?
HANLEY?
DECKER?

I WAS A PFC... A POWWICE, A TENNESSEAN. I DID WHAT I WAS TOLD FAITHFULLY, BLINDLY... OBTAINING MY ORDERS FROM THOSE WHOSE WISDOM I HAD HELD IN LOFTY REVERENCE FROM THE BEGINNING. NOW THERE WERE NO MORE ORDERS TO BE GIVEN...



WHO'S?...
I'M TRYING...

...OR WERE THERE?



HIS UNIFORM WAS NEARLY SLUNG AWAY. I BARED INTO THE PALE FACE WHICH SEEMED ALMOST TO GLOW IN THE DARKNESS AND DISCOVERED HAUNTED YELLOW EYES... EYES I COULD NOT REMEMBER HAVING SEEN BEFORE.



ARE YOU
WOUNDED? LET
ME HELP YOU!



I... I CAN'T
REMEMBER YOUR
NAME.

I'M
VOPER.

IS ANYBODY
ELSE ALIVE?



MY BABY BROTHER WAS BITING BALTIC
CRACKERS IN HIS HIGH-TOE—CRUNCH—
CRUNCH—CRUNCH—AND SAILING HIS SWEET
BOY SMILE BENEATH HIS PINK, HAIRLESS
HEAD...



MY EYES FLEW OPEN! SUNLIGHT
STREAMED IMMENSELY ACROSS MY FACE.
I SAT UP ABRUPTLY WITH A RUSTLE OF
LEAVES, THE SOUND GREN LOUDER...
CRUNCH—CRUNCH—CRUNCH...



JESUS!
GERMANS!

CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

VOPER!
WHERE THE HELL
IS VOPER?



I LAY STIFFLY IN THE LEAVES AMONG
THE PURPLE WOODLAND SHELL UNTIL
ALL SOUNDS OF CRUNCHING BOOTS HAD
LONG FIDED, THEN I DAMMED A
GLANCE AROUND...



I'M LOST! EVERY-
THING LOOKS SO DIFFERENT
IN THE DAYLIGHT! IS THIS THE
DIRECTION WE WERE HEADING
IN?

I THRESHED MY WAY CAREFULLY
THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, TRYING TO
MAKE AS LITTLE RESISTANCE AS POS-
SIBLE...GULPING AT THE DIRECTION...



BY NOON THE PAINS IN MY STOMACH
DEMANDED MY ATTENTION. I HAD NO
FOOD...AND SOON WOULD HAVE NO
STRENGTH...

SEVERAL TIMES I FELT TEARS WELLING
UP BEHIND MY EYES. I HAD NEVER
BEEN SO TERRIFIED IN MY LIFE AS DUSK
DESCENDED AROUND ME. AROUND LATER,
EVERY BUSH AND TREE BECAME A
GERMAN INFANTRYMAN...



A THING DRAPPED BEHIND ME. I
WHISPERED!





THINGS HAPPENED SO FAST I CAN BARELY REMEMBER THEIR SEQUENCES. ALL AT ONCE MOVER HAD PLUNGED LIKE A RAG DOLL BEHIND A COVERED OF BRAMBLES AS THE NAZI GUNFIRE CRACKED AROUND US.



THAT FEELING OF BREAD SWIFT OVER ME AGAIN... NOT FROM THE GERMAN GUNFIRE BUT FROM SOMETHING FAR MORE INSIDIOUS... FAR MORE EVIL!



THE GUNFIRE CEASED ABRUPTLY. THERE WAS ABSOLUTE SILENCE, FOLLOWED PRESENTLY BY THE MOST DAWDLEING SQUAD TO EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE... IT WAS LIKE THE POPPING OF TACK, SLANGISH OIL...





I HAD LITTLE RESISTANCE ALL AFTERNOON, THEN, JUST AFTER THE SUN HAD SUNK BELOW THE BATTLELINE OF TREES BEHIND ME I HEARD A SCREAM...



ONCE AGAIN BRIGHT SUNLIGHT GREETED MY AWAKENING, AND ONCE AGAIN IOPPER HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. I OPENED THE LATEST TIN OF FOOD, ATE BREAKFAST AND PUSHED ON IN THE DIRECTION WE'D BEEN HEADED...



I MOVED SINGLERLY TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF THE CRY, MY RIFLE MUZZLE POINTED STIFFLY BEFORE I SOON CAME UPON A SIGHT I WILL REMEMBER THE REST OF MY DAYS...





YOPER!

WHAT IN THE
NAME OF GOD ARE
YOU DOING?



SECURING MORE
FOOD, WHAT ELSE?
HERE

WE SHOULD BE
JOINING B COMPANY
BY MORNING. WHAT
IS THE MATTER,
FRIEND HEARS?

THAT MAN LOOKS
PARTIALLY EATEN!



YES, I SUSPECT
THE ANIMALS GOT TO
HIM. HE'S BEEN DEAD
FOR SOME TIME.

DON'T WORRY--
IT WON'T AFFECT
HIS K-RATIONS.

HOW COME YOU
NEVER EAT K-RATIONS?
I NEVER SEE YOU
EAT.



DON'T CONCERN
YOURSELF WITH
MY WELFARE.

HE'S
HUNGRY?

N-NO? STAY
THERE? I--I DON'T
WANT IT!



VERY WELL,
PERHAPS
LATER.

LET'S
GET MOVING
THEN. IT'S
GETTING
LATE.



WE WALKED FOR HOURS THROUGH THE WOODS,
FORER IN THE LEAD, EYES AND EARS CON-
STANTLY ALERT FOR GERMAN.

IT WAS THEN I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME
SOMETHING THAT MADE MY SKIN CRAWL--
THE FOREST FLOOR WAS COVERED WITH
FALLEN LEAVES--YET I COULDN'T HEAR
ANY FOOTSTEPS!

ALL AT ONCE I COULD WALK NO FARTHER.
THAT SAME SUDDEN EXHAUSTION
WASHED OVER ME. MY EYES BEGAN TO
CLOSE OF THEIR OWN ACCORD...

WAIT...
PLEASE...
I MUST
REST...

YES, REST.
FEELING WEARS, LAY
DOWN YOUR RIFLE
AND REST. IT IS A
LONG JOURNEY... YOU
ARE TIRED... SO
TIRE... YOUER MUST
KEEP GUARD... JUST
RELAX...

N-NO!
STAY AWAY!
YOU... YOU WANT
ME TO SLEEP!
SO YOU CAN
CAN--

THAT CORPSE--
THE ANIMALS
DIDN'T GET TO
IT... YOU
DID!

AND THAT TIME I
SHOT AT YOU... I DID HIT
YOU... ONLY THE BULLET WENT
THROUGH YOU! AND THE NIGHT
WE MET... I PULLED YOU FROM
THE EARTH... FROM A
GRAVE!!

YOU'RE FEELING
WEARS WEARS. YOU'RE
TALKING WEARS. PUT
DOWN THE RIFLE AND REST!
IT'S SO HEAVY IN YOUR
HANDS... PUT IT DOWN!

YOU'VE
BEEN
FIGHTING
ME UP FOR THE
KILL...

STAY AWAY
OR I'LL FIRE!!

KACHON

YOUER! MY
BODY! YOU'RE
BLEEDING!...
YOU'RE HUMAN!
WHAT HAVE I
DONE?

HERE--IT'S ONLY
A FLESH WOUND!
YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!

GET ME TO...
A COMPANY
HURRY...

SURE! SURE!
I'LL MAKE IT! YOU'LL
SEE! IT'S GOING TO BE ALL
RIGHT!

I'LL GET YOU
WHERE, YOUER! YOU SAVED
MY LIFE! I WON'T LEAVE
YOU...



THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

The powers that be will undoubtedly deem it necessary to revoke my knee-jerk-liberal credentials and my reputation as a mouthwatering defender of absolute press freedom will certainly take a monumental pasting, but I think we still need the Comics Code.

Now I admit I've always believed The Code should be saved simply because almost everyone else in the comics canon was lobbying for its destruction—my standing as a champion of the lost cause has never been challenged—but it was a television critic of all people who recently made the case for the organization's continued existence.

The critic, Michael J. Arlen of *The New Yorker* magazine, wasn't even talking about The Code or comic books at the time, either. That's what made his argument so persuasive and frightening.

In his column on 1976's new network television shows, Arlen dismissed the continued emphasis on violent programming and the rising fear among adults that wanton gore was bad for their children. "Even the supposedly evil, grown-up programs such as *Barette* are evil only in the eyes of the parental beholder, who worries that the young will be made either sick or criminal by watching them," Arlen mused. Then, probably without a moment of conscious thought, Arlen concluded that "The young themselves appear to cheerfully wade right through [the violent shows], accepting ambulances, police sirens and homicidal maniacs for the comic-book items they see."

Holy preconceived notions, as the television *Robot* of a decade ago might have said! There it was, bared on page 155 of the anonymous *New Yorker*, right alongside the advertisement for the American Express Card. "Ambulances, police sirens and homicidal maniacs," Arlen believes, "are comic-book items."

Before you hastily scratch out a nasty note to *New Yorker* editor William Shawn in protest of this patently unfair characterization of comic-book content, let me warn you that Michael J. Arlen's beliefs are not really unique. Almost every educated person I've ever met feels comic books are still the native stamping ground of the excessive bloodletting which forced the establishment of The Code in the first place. The only thing unique about Arlen's view is that it was printed recently, that's all.

For myself, I think Arlen is about 25 years behind the times. Back in the fifties, before television, he was probably right, as was Dr. Fredric Wertham: comic books did traffic in sensational gore and violence, and while motion pictures undoubtedly invented the genre, comics were the first place *children* were exposed to it then. In today's world, however, the pervasive medium of television is the first place children are exposed to excessive violence. Chances are the reverse of Arlen's image is true today, when the children of the 1970s see "ambulances, police sirens and homicidal maniacs" in comic books, they have already accepted them as "television items."

But whether Arlen is behind the times—or whether media violence is harmful to children— isn't the issue here. That Arlen believes comic books are still the well . . . creators . . . of youth-oriented violence is the troubling thing. Even though it has been two decades since Dr. Wertham's *Seduction of the Innocent* brought comic-book violence to the public eye and even though The Code has largely sanitized comics since its 1954 inception, people—educated, influential people such as Arlen—still view the medium as the breeding ground of gore.

No one, it seems, has forgotten. Comics, it appears, are still automatically classified as trashy, valueless parodies of everything that is repulsive about humanity. Adults of letters may have progressed enough intellectually to accept comics as a valid form of "art" and sociological expression, but emotionally they continue to categorize every television murder and every motion-picture torture scene as something that developed full-blown from the "funny pages."

All of which means that the comic-book industry, like it or not, is still reeling in a public-relations purgatory for its past sins. It still needs The Code, if not for actual censoring of objectionable material, at least for public-relations purposes. Unlike the fifties, when newspapers and magazines routinely condemned comics, today's loathing of comic books is much more subtle, much more often the product of the subconscious. The Code, though that pretentious little white seal, apparently is still of service as a symbol of the comics' rehabilitated content and a cheap substitute for informed parental guidance of a child's reading matter. In other words, it still serves to make wary parents "feel good" when they shove the latest issue of *Superman* or *Howard the Duck* into their children's hands.

This is not to say that The Code was ever, or is now, the best solution to comic books' persistent image and content problems—and it is obvious that The Code hasn't done much of a public-relations job, either. Back in the fifties, when Dr. Wertham called comic publishers on the carpet for their excesses, The Code was an hysterical, off-the-cuff, self-imposed response aimed at forestalling legally-established censorship. It was ill-considered then and it is ill-considered now.

It goes without saying that DC's Jack Leibovitz and Marvel's Martin Goodman and Archie's John Goldwater—the reigning publishers of the time—should have come up with a better, more workable and more manageable system than The Code. They should have established an organization predicated on the notion of promoting quality rather than the notion of prohibiting excess. But they didn't. Nor did they establish an organization that could effectively educate consumers about comics' desirable aspects.

It's just that scrapping The Code now would unleash a new round of gore for sales' sake from history-ignorant publishers who are more desperate for profits now than they ever were in the 1950s. Scrapping The Code now would expose us to the warped excesses of today's comic creators who, almost without exception, are less talented and less creative and surely less responsible than the industry's artists of the 1950s. Charles Luce and Jerry Iger and Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein, talented and brilliant men, were all caught up in the profits crush of the 1950s. They all produced gore, excessively violent work unworthy of their ability in attempts to sell their product. If these men could do so, I shiver perceptibly when I think of the unconscionable excuses today's less talented hacks could hint off on in the name of a Code-free comic book.

*The Code, in fact, has shadowed most of its censorship power in recent years and concentrated instead on public-relations projects. While it revised more than 50 per cent of the 1,381 comics it reviewed in 1955, its first full year of operation, it changed only 5 per cent of the 1,551 books checked in 1975 and only 9 per cent of the 1,401 books considered in 1976.

LICHTENSTEIN WAS CREATED
IN 1918. A NOBLE, PEACEFUL, LITTLE
KINGDOM, ONLY SIXTY-TWO MILES
SQUARE, NESTLED BETWEEN
AUSTRIA AND THE SWISS ALPS.



ON ITS BORDERS LAY THE VILLAGE OF
LAIBENBERG. NOT TOO FAR FROM THE
ROYAL PALACE, THERE, KEEPING STEAD-
FAST WATCH OVER THE LITTLE COUNTRY
WAS A WINDMILL. SILENT, LOYAL AND
LOVING, THE WINDMILL HAD STOOD
GUARD FOR MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES.



INSIDE THE WINDMILL, GUARDIAN WITHIN
THE GUARDIAN, LIVED ONE SENARY
GWSLING. A MAN OF STOUT HEART,
STERN METTLE AND...

THE WINDMILL



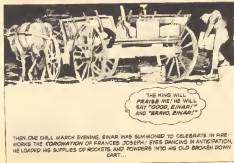


THOUGH HIS LOVE AND LOYALTY TO GOD AND KING WERE GREAT, THERE WAS NO PLACE HE COULD FIND PEACE...

...NOWHERE EXCEPT WITHIN HIS LOVELY MINIMALL TOWER. ONCE INSIDE, HE WAS AS GREAT AS ANY MAN WITH STRAIGHT LIMBS AND BRIGHT THOUGHTS.



FOR ENNAR WAS A WUNDERKIND... MASTER OF THE GRANDEST FIREWORKS EVER, BEHELD IN ALL OF LECHTENSTEIN.





AS DARKNESS FELL, ENAR'S AUDIENCE GATHERED HUSHED AND SILENT.



ALL THE KNOCKON STOOD ASHORE, ROCKERS BLAZED AND SHOWERED LEAVING RED AND GOLDEN FAIRY DUST STREAMERS THAT BURST TIME AND AGAIN LIKE DELICATE SUNS.



WHEN, AS THE FINAL ROCKET'S GLARE FADED, THE KING ROSE AND WITH OUT A WORD TO HIS LOVELY MAGICIAN, WALKED TOWARD THE BALLROOM!



TWAS A GALA BALL! THERE ROYALTY DANCED AND DRAVE...

...WHILE IN THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL, ABOVE, AND EVEN IN LITTLE LINDENBERG, THERE WAS MATCHLESS JEWELRY AMONG THE COMMON FOLK.

GOD BLESS MY KING... S.M.P. GOD BLESS... SALUTE!

...ALL SAW A LOVELY FORGOTTEN LITTLE MAN WHO DROVE HIS CART AMONG THE HERRYBAMERS, AND WISHED WITH ALL HIS HEART TO BE AMONG THOSE WHO WERE WHOLE AND CLEVER AND FAIR.



AN IGY MARCH GAVE NAY TO A BUSTERINGLY COLD APRIL, 1938

ENAR, IN HIS DELIRIOUS TOWER, CREATED COUNTLESS GUN-POWDER DELIGHTS AND DREAMED OF THE DAY THE KING WOULD ARRIVE HIM FOR HIS RETENTION AND ARTISTRY

THIS BARREL OF POWDER IS ALMOST ALL TACKED INTO MY MAGIC ROCKETS... STACKS AND STACKS OF ROCKETS!

I MUST GET UP AND BRING MORE POWDER FROM DOWNSTAIRS!



OH! WHAT IS THAT! A BRIGHT LIGHT SHINING ON SOMETHING OUT THERE!

I'LL GET MY SPY GLASS AND SEE!

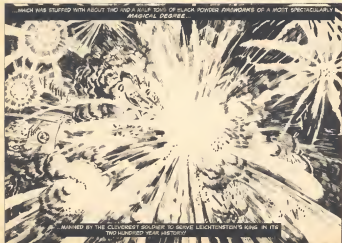
ENAR HAD HEARD OF THE INVASION OF AUSTRIA, BUT HE HAD BELIEVED IT ONLY AS A CHILD MIGHT BELIEVE A FAIRY TALE.



...UNTIL THE OUTSIDE WORLD CAME CRASHING INTO LINDENBERG!

OH MY GOD! NAZIS!







ANGEL OF JAIPUR

STORY: BILL DUBAY/ART: JOHN SEVERIN





EDITOR'S NOTE: A RAT OF WILD BEEP AND PORK WAS USED IN THE GREASED CARTRIDGES OF THE BARFIELD RIFLE. THE MIXTURE WAS ANATHEMA TO BOTH HINDUS AND MUSLIMS, AND THE ACKNOWLEDGED CAUSE OF THE BLOODY INDIAN REVOLT.





BUT GOD CASSIE... LOOK
THE PRICE WE'VE HAD TO
PAY!

OH GOD
OH GOD!



WE'RE THE ONLY
ONES LEFT, JOHNNY!
LORD GOD! IT'S JUST
YOU AND ME!



AND...AND WE CAN'T HOLD
THEM OFF FOREVER!

OH MAN... DON'T
YOU SEE...



THEY'RE OUT THERE RIGHT
NOW! REORGANIZING FOR
ANOTHER CHARGE...

...THE LAST CHARGE,
JOHNNY! THE ONE THAT'S
GOING TO KILL US, TOO!



PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER, CASSIE!
WE'RE LANCERS... AS GOOD AS A
HUNDRED BLESSED BRAHMINS!

WE'VE HELD THEM FOR
THREE DAYS...AND IF WE
HAVE TO, WE'LL HOLD 'EM
FOR THREE YEARS!



THERE'S A GARRISON
OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN
DOWN THERE, CASSIE! THEY'RE
DEPENDENT ON US! AND I! FOR
ONE MORE! LET THE LIVES OF
THEIR FATHERS TO THEM SCREAMING
SAVAGES!

I, I'M SORRY,
JOHNNY! I... I... DON'T
KNOW... I... LOST MY
HEAD!



FORGIVE ME,
JOHNNY! I'M WITH
YOU, OF COURSE!

GOOD BOY,
CASSIE!

RAH! WE'RE NOT
LOST YET! LOOK! THERE'S A
FOUR'S CORN! RAH! JUST
MAYBE THEY'LL BE TOO SUPER-
STICIOUS TO FIGHT A BLOODY
NET WEATHER!





"I... I WAS JUST A BOY! MY FATHER TOLD ME IT... IT WAS SIXTY YEARS AGO... BEFORE HAN EVEN DREAMED HE COULD FLY!"



ACT: IN JULY OF 1957 THE GARRISON AT JAPUR, INDIA, WAS BATTERED BY A LEGION OF HEAVILY-TRAINED REBELLIOUS INDIAN TROOPS. IM POSSIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS HELP OFF 1500 ARMED NATIVES, SAVING THE GARRISON AND THE FIFTY-THREE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WITHIN ITS WALLS.

HUNT NATIVES CLAIMED THE FORTRESS WAS PROTECTED BY A ROARING, MULTI-WINGED GOD! OTHERS TESTIFIED TO HEARING A FRODOUS RENDOV IN THE SKY ABOVE THE GARRISON.

WHEN ASKED TO ILLUSTRATE WHAT THEY SAW AT JAPUR, INDIAN SOLDIERS, TO THE LAST MAN, AGREED ON ONE EARLY SAMPLE SHOTS THAT OF A WORLD WAR I SH-PLANE



... THAT TIME BEFORE I BROUGHT HER INTO CAMP WITH A LEAKING HOLE IN HER GUT. NOW OLD WAS SHE THEN? GOD? NOT MORE THAN TWELVE, A KID.

The HUNGRY DRAGON







"I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THEY WOULD UNDERSTAND ME SO I SHOUTED HORNS THAT FEAR WOULD GET THEM OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE."



"STAY AWAY FROM THE DOORWAY! THERE'S GONNA BE SHOOTING! MOVE INTO THAT CORNER! NOW!"

"THEY CAME IN ONE SPONGE, GIVING ME A SLIGHT ADVANTAGE."



"THE IDIOTS ARE CHARGING! DON'T THEY REALIZE THAT IF THEY COME IN ONE BY ONE, I CAN CUT THEM DOWN?"

"IN COMBAT SOMETIMES THAT'S ALL YOU NEED PLUS ONE HELLO WILL TO SURVIVE."



"NO, I GUESS NOT. FAR BE IT FROM ME TO CRITICIZE THEIR MILITARY TACTICS."

"THEN IT WAS OVER."



"YOU CAN ALL COME OUT NOW. THEY CAN'T HURT YOU AND WHETHER YOU'RE FROM THE NORTH OR SOUTH, MY FIGHT AIN'T WITH CHILDREN."

"YOU GOT FOOD, SI? WE DON'T EAT FOR LIKE MAYBE GOIN ON A WEEK."

"HE GOT FOOD. ALL SI JOES GOT LOTS RIGHT?"



"KID, IF I HAD IT, I'D GIVE IT TO YOU BUT I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CAN OF P-NOBONS ON ME. SORRY."

"GO CHECK THEM OUT. SEE IF THEY'RE CARRYING ANY GRUB."

"ROB THE DEAD? CANNOT. DEAD SACRED SPIRIT HAUNT US TAKE REVENGE."



"I WOULD HAVE GIVE THE ALICE THOSE BEING REAL FINE DEALS."









"HEY... THEY WERE EATING THE BONES!"



"I WASN'T THINKING. IT WAS AUTOMATIC. MY MIND FLASHED BLANK. THE GUN JUST WENT OFF. I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO HARM THEM. ONLY TO MAKE THEM STOP!"

NO!
NO!

BR-RRT



MOOO!

CHET! CHET WAKE UP! YOU'RE DREAMING AGAIN. WAKE UP!



BARLUMS, CAN'T I GET THROUGH TO YOU? YOU DIDN'T KILL ANY OF THE CHILDREN. I WAS THE ONLY ONE HIT. THE CHILDREN ARE ALIVE. AMARO IS ALIVE. YOU IGNORE HIS LETTERS. YOU REFUSE TO ACCEPT TREATMENT.

SHE'LL REMEMBER SOMEDAY THEN SHE'LL WANT ME. THE OLD MANAGER WILL COME BACK AND...



SOME NIGHT, WHEN I'M ASLEEP, SHE'LL DICE THE BUTCHER KNIFE FROM THE KITCHEN DRAWER AND... IT'S MY FAULT. I TAUGHT THEM TO SURVIVE AT ANY COST. I TAUGHT THEM!

CHET, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME. IT WAS A TERRIBLE INCIDENT OF WAR. IT WON'T... WHAT'S THE USE? GOOD NIGHT, CHET.



THE DOOR GUNNER















PROLOGUE



LEVE 'TELL Y'ALL SOMETHIN' RIGHT
HREIN AN' NOW. THE OLE FELLER
HNS REALLY TUNRIFIC!



WE GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE,
CORPORAL.

AN HEAR KNEWED 'IS NAME, SO AN
JEST CALLED 'IN THE GENERAL. 'TIS
ONLY FITTIN' TO SHOW 'IN THE RE-
SPECT 'IS DESERVES.



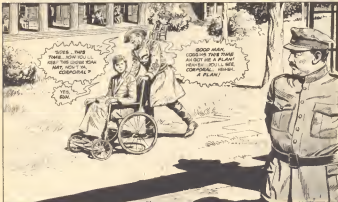
WHY I'D BE
A CRABBE FOR US
TO MISS 'THE SOLDY'S
FINEST HOUR!

AFTER ALL, IT HNS ANW WHAT
MASTERMINDED 'THE ESCAPE!



I'EVE
GONNA HANUP
'EM THIS TIME...
GONNA WALUP
'EM GOOD...

ANW AN THINK
BOUT WHUT THEM
MANKS DID TO
ATLANTA. IT
JEST MAKES
MUN BLOOD
BOL!



'DOES... THIS
TIME... NOW YOU'LL
KES! 'THE GOOD KEN
MET, NOW I'VE
CORPORAL?

YES,
SEN.

GOOD MUN,
COGGINS THIS TIME
AN GOT ME A PLAN!
HEHEHE... YOU'LL SEE,
CORPORAL... HEHEHE...
A PLAN!

ARMY

★ COGGIN'S



IT WAS A WHILE 'TIL AH SAW THE OLE MAN AGAIN
BUT AH COULD MEAN 'EM, HIM AND THAT MONSTER
KRAKKAH...IN.

TELL US ABOUT IT
AGAIN, GENERAL... HEHHEH
TELL US HOW YOU MON THE
HARE SINGLEMANHOOD...
HEHHEH!!

AH WON'T BREAK...
'JOB'... AH WON'T... AH
NEVIAN DID, YOHAN KNOW!
AH NEVIAN DID!

TELL US, COMMANDER...
TELL US HOW YOU TURNED
TAL AN RAN AN LEFT YOUR
BUDDIES TO DIE THERE
OUTSIDE ATLANTA...

WHO--? THAT'S NOT
THE WAY IT HAPPENED... ENDAH!
...NOT, THE WAY, AT, ALL!

THEATRE, SALPARKIN CALLED IT, BUT IT WASN'T... IT
WAS TORTURE!

BLAM! BLAM!

YOHAN BETTER SAY
YOHAN FIGHTERS, SOLDIER...
THEY'RE A YOHAN--!!

AN' THAT A BURNIN'
EVERYTHIN' ABOUT GITS IN
THEIR WAY-TAKES-A-LAND!

'CHOKES'--!

AN' AS AH HEARD 'EM TELLIN' THEIR LIES OVAH AN OVAH RUN
RESPECT'A THE GENERAL GROWNED 'N' GROWNED...

WHABLAM!

BOOM--!

... CAUSE HE ADEWH
BROKE... NOT EVEN
ONCE...

... AN' AN' ANYOVY...

S-HUH, GOD...
'CHOKES'--!!

HE JUST A BORN ONE BUILT
OF A SOLDIER...

PAUGHMOND--!!











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